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SEPTEMBER

Mobile Republican.

"The price of Liberty is eternal vigilance."

ALA, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1847.

Whole No. 559.

from the harangues of the Mexican orators in their Congress—and, above all, from the statements of observers of all parties and of all positions upon the spot—from Doniphan and other officers in our army—from Tobin and other letter-writers for the whig press—from multitudes of advices, both public and private—and finally from the official proclamation of Gen. Scott himself—the country has learned how this traitorous course whig leaders has given new heart to under all his defeats, and forms peace, which neither the va justice of our cause, nor or diplomacy could sur yet to learn, in view of of the whigs in the to stop the tem solely such facts h anxious t intelli it us of t if it racted, of fa on at on the to us such the g us, est in ke who less and way of pply the

advertiser. August 24.

esses of both parties oments of Mr. Clay , absorbing interest; for , impression that he has only sire to be again nominated to 1848 the standard bearer of on. If the signs of the times thing, they point to the gallant the opposition candidate. The restness with which he protests is northern tour has nothing of poli it leads to this impression, which is rebuked by the grave denial that he is of the country." to be found in the lea that to some of the National Intelligencer have New York Courier and Enquirer.— re him as one being honored as man never was before favored on, and that, too, under the next to moral certainty that he is never to have anything to give. As dreams and federal schemes are to be interpreted "by contraries, my dear," the world of quidnuncs set it down, that the old horse has really commenced his "exercise" for the campaign. His speeches in reply to fulsome station falling from the lips of his words are full of sad theme—the loss of his gallant son—for whom I can say that the nation—irrespective of party—mourns. Many of the conscience whigs who are bent on running McLean are malicious enough to make invidious comments on Mr. Clays frequent recurrence to this subject alleging; that he desires to turn it to political account—to create political sympathy for his personal bereavement. This is unjust as cruel, though it is no more than we might look for from men who denounce Gen. Taylor as "a breeder of Creole virgins for the hells of New Orleans," and rejoice over the assassination of our countrymen in Mexico who have fallen under the knife of the guerilla drawn in pursuance of the advice of such whigs of this country as Senator Corwin and the editor of the N. Y. Tribune. As unscrupulous a politician as Mr. Clay is, he is a noble hearted, generous patriotic gentleman, and speaks of the death of his unfortunate son only from the overflowing of his of grief. It makes me sick-at-heart to men professing friendship for him such an estimate on his character.

The fashionable and royal circles of London still glide along under the sweet enchantment of the Swedish Nightingale. Says a veteran and case-hardened critic:—

It is quite impossible to convey to you any idea of the extraordinary powers of this exquisite singer. I am old enough to remember Catalana, and have listened to Stephens, Paton, Pasta, Malibra and all the great vocalists who have appeared here these last thirty years, but this incomparable singer excels them all so immeasurably that it is impossible to speak of her with justice without the language of apparent exaggeration. I perfectly agree with one of the best critics of the day, who has said, and it is impossible to say otherwise, "that her voice is beyond all comparison or approach the most lovely soprano that we have ever heard by any one in any time." It is indeed perfection itself. Its intonation, capacity and sweetness surpasses anything that can be described by mere words; and the exquisite taste and feeling which govern every note she utters, superadded to the most finished acting of the acting part in which she appears, render her performances the most exciting which perhaps have ever been exhibited to an astonished and delighted audience. The rapid execution of passages of the wildest and most terrific energy of uncontrolled passion, as in Norma, is achieved by her with the same facility as the most exquisite tender emotions which penetrate and fasten on the soul

constitutional advisers, they stand ready to carry on the contest as though peace before the capitol was taken, had not been dreamed of.

It is gathered from the tone of this morning's Union that the Government will not hesitate to sustain any shadow of a respectable government in Mexico that will make a treaty. I have long since predicted to your readers that such is to be the end of the contest, and am therefore by no means surprised by this semi-official announcement upon which the opposition will fasten a cry of "subjugation," "Roman provinces," &c. This is acknowledged by all men of all parties here, to be the only plan by which peace is attainable. It is to be regarded that such is the case. Federalism, and Federalism only, is answerable for this state of things; for it is not to be expected that a government so feeble as all Mexican Governments have been (since her independence was achieved) will be able, unaided, to prevent a renewal of hostilities on the part of portions of its subjects when they are assured by the conduct of well nigh a moiety of our people that, on our part, this war is unjust, unconstitutional and odious to the real rulers in this Government—the voters.

Orders have been sent to forward Col. Irwin's corps (accepted last week) without delay. As this order went, the corps, composed of regulars, are already perhaps, to N. Orleans. So much for light and steam combined. I have not yet learned whether the Executive has accepted the tender of a similar Regiment from Indiana certainly offered, but take it for granted he has.

I learn that the Post Master General started this morning in great haste for New York city, having last night received a telegraphic despatch announcing that Vanderbilt & Co., the contractors for the New Haven mail (over the sound) had refused to perform the stipulated service unless on the promise of a considerable increase of pay. A similar refusal is said to have been tendered to the Postmaster at New York by the contractors for the Bay Route to Norwich. It is presumed that the Railroad companies interested in the land routes to these important points will refuse to carry the mails at contract prices. Ten to one, it will be found that these same Railroad companies are at the bottom of the muss—that they instigated the others to take the first pus in the flare up. This sort of thing is one of the legitimate blessings of irresponsible corporations. I care not what laws may be on the statute books, where men of large wealth are banded together with the shield of a corporation charter between them and the community, laws are but straws in their path.

Mr. 1st Assistant Post Master General Hobbie was heard from by the last steamer. It is said he reports the probability that the difficulty with the English Mail Department will soon be settled as this government desires. I hear he has gone to Paris in the prosecution of his business for the American P. O. Department.

Friends of Silas Wright in this city, are anticipating the appearance of a letter from him to clear his skirts of all suspicion of sympathy with the Wilmot proviso movement!!! Though there has undoubtedly been a great reaction at the north upon this subject lately, I place little confidence in this intention as attributed to Governor Silas Wright.

The Magnetic Telegraph Company expect to open the line between Richmond and Petersburg, Va., by the end of this week. Though but some twenty miles in length, it is a step nearer the completion of the route to N. Orleans.

LUTHER MARTIN.

MORE ABOUT JENNY LIND.

The fashionable and royal circles of London still glide along under the sweet enchantment of the Swedish Nightingale. Says a veteran and case-hardened critic:—

It is quite impossible to convey to you any idea of the extraordinary powers of this exquisite singer. I am old enough to remember Catalana, and have listened to Stephens, Paton, Pasta, Malibra and all the great vocalists who have appeared here these last thirty years, but this incomparable singer excels them all so immeasurably that it is impossible to speak of her with justice without the language of apparent exaggeration. I perfectly agree with one of the best critics of the day, who has said, and it is impossible to say otherwise, "that her voice is beyond all comparison or approach the most lovely soprano that we have ever heard by any one in any time." It is indeed perfection itself. Its intonation, capacity and sweetness surpasses anything that can be described by mere words; and the exquisite taste and feeling which govern every note she utters, superadded to the most finished acting of the acting part in which she appears, render her performances the most exciting which perhaps have ever been exhibited to an astonished and delighted audience. The rapid execution of passages of the wildest and most terrific energy of uncontrolled passion, as in Norma, is achieved by her with the same facility as the most exquisite tender emotions which penetrate and fasten on the soul

in Amino; whilst in the joyous passages of Maria she appears so radiant with happiness, such womanly modesty and purity pervade the whole character, that unless you could witness her perfect triumph in these varied parts you could not conceive the incomparable excellence of her acting—It is nature itself. If I might select an especial beauty in her singing, where all is faultless, I should dwell with rapture on the extraordinary effect she produces when from a low note her voice rushes upwards, sparkling like a rocket, to the highest pitch—almost to the very confines of human hearing—and then, by some marvellous power, she throws out one note, and then another, and another at intervals, "in a dying, dying fall," so as to produce a cadence of unspeakable softness, not unlike the effect produced by falling meteors of dazzling brilliancy, which expire in silence, leaving us amazed and almost disappointed that such heavenly melody and beauty should have a termination.

I shall never forget the scene on Tuesday night. The Queen attended the theatre in state, and the crush to obtain admittance was the most tremendous I ever experienced. I have been obliged to keep my bed these two days from the effects of the press. ure, and I have suffered a good deal from bruises, but I am amply repaid for the inconvenience I have experienced. On the entrance of the Queen, who was dressed in a splendid robe of blue satin, looped with diamonds, and who appeared in most excellent health and spirits, the national anthem was sung, and the company. The audience, which was packed to the very ceiling, immediately rose, and that moment the whole *coup d'oeil*, with the magnificence of the dresses, and the beauty of the women present, rendered the scene of the highest splendor. In the first few passages which precede the beautiful aria of "Casta Diva," Jenny Lind exhibited her astonishing powers. Having elevated her voice to a higher note, she maintained a *sostenuto* of such unrivalled sweetness and beauty that the house was enchanted, and her "Casta Diva" perfected the charm. The whole was rapturously encored. In the final scene, when she pours out a torrent of reproach against Polio, she seems to be endowed with superhuman energy, and her voice expressed in volumes of impassioned notes all the anguish and misery of her soul. Upon the conclusion of the opera showers of garlands and bouquets were thrown upon the stage, and this accomplished vocalist was called before the curtain by the audience four times. Every person present seemed wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm and admiration, and the Queen joined cordially in the applause, which almost rent the foundations of the house.

Dreadful Shipwreck.—172 Persons Drowned.—A telegraph despatch received in this city, dated Boston, last evening says that the ship Sanunga, Patten, from Liverpool, bound to Boston, came in contact, on the morning of the 9th instant, (latitude and longitude not given) about one o'clock, in the thick fog, with the Swedish barque Iduna, Captain A. Moberg, from Hamburg, bound to New York, with two hundred and six persons on board. Thirty minutes after the collision the barque went down, carrying with her one hundred and seventy two. Captain Patten, of the Shanunga, immediately after the collision lowered the boats and sent them to the rescue of those on board the Iduna, of whom they succeeded, with one boat from the barque, in rescuing thirty-four. Among those who perished was Capt. Moberg.

We should judge that nearly the whole of the crew of the Iduna were saved. The Iduna sailed from Hamburg on the 2d of July.—N. Y. Com. Adv., 17th inst.

A Valuable Table.—The following table compiled from the calculations of J. M. Garnett Esq., of Va., will be found exceedingly valuable to many of our mechanical readers.

A box 24 inches by 16 inches square and 25 inches deep, will contain a barrel, (5 bushels,) or 10,752 cubic inches.

A box 24 inches by 16 inches square and 14 inches deep, will contain half a barrel, or 5,376 cubic inches.

A box 16 inches by 16.8 inches square and 8 inches deep will contain one bushel, or 2,150.4 cubic inches.

A box 12 inches by 11.2 inches square and 8 inches deep, will contain half a bushel, or 1,075.2 cubic inches.

A box 8 inches by 8.4 inches square and 8 inches deep, will contain a pack, or 537.6 cubic inches.

A box 8 inches by 8 inches square and 4.2 inches deep, will contain one gallon, or 268.8 cubic inches.

A box 7 inches by 4 inches square, and 4.8 inches deep, will contain a half a gallon, or 134.4 cubic inches.

A box 4 inches by 4 inches square, and 4.2 inches deep, will contain one quart, or 67.2 cubic inches.

The following, was the received the prize cup at Theatre, Philadelphia, on / On a Mexican sold an American boat met His hide is cut He's lost h He's got He's r

Truth and Honesty.

A lesson for little boys.

A revolution of opinions is taking place in the present day; sectarian and national prejudices are giving way to a holy feeling of universal brotherhood; military conquests are robbed of their tinsel, and appear in their native deformity; and moral dignity, though discovered amid poverty & ignorance, is raised to its legitimate place, exciting the respect and admiration of all capable of estimating true worth. This latter remark will plead an apology for introducing to the reader a young hero, filling a station no higher than that of a pupil in a parochial school.

Two boys, of nearly the same age, were one day amusing themselves with that dangerous, though not uncommon pastime, pelting each other with stones. They had chosen one of the squares of the playground, thinking by this means to avoid doing mischief. To the consternation of the thrower, however, a missile, instead of resting on the shoulders of the boy at whom it was aimed entered the library window of one of the mansions forming the quadrangle.

"Why don't you take to your heels, you blood-head; you will have the police after you whilst you are standing staring there," was the exclamation of his companion, and he caught him by the arm in order to drag him from the spot. The author of the mischief still retained his thoughtful position.

"If your father is obliged to pay for this, you will stand a chance of having a good thrashing, Jack," the other boy urged.

"Never mind Tom; leave me to myself," was the reply, and the young delinquent moved, with unfaltering step towards the door of the mansion, the knocker of which he unhesitatingly raised. The summons was answered by a footman.

"Is the master of the house at home?" he asked with some diffidence inquired.

"He is."

"Then I wish to see him if you please?"

"That you can't do, my man; but I'll deliver any message for you."

"No, that will not do. I must—indeed I must see the gentleman myself." The earnestness and persistence of the boy at length induced him to comply with his request, and opening the door of the library, he apologised for asking his master to see a shabby little fellow; adding that he could neither learn his business nor get rid of him.

"Bring him in," said the gentleman addressed, who, having witnessed the transaction, and overheard the conversation, was curious to know the object of the boy's visit. The poor child whose ideas had never soared above his father's second floor, stood for some moments in stupefied amazement when ushered into an elegant apartment; but remembering the painful circumstance which had brought him into this scene of enchantment, he in some measure regained his self-possession.

"I am very sorry, sir," he began in a faltering voice, "but I have broken your window. My father is out of work just now, and cannot pay for it; but if you will be kind enough to take the money a little at a time, as I can get it, I will be sure to make it up, and as he spoke he drew a few half-pence from his pocket and laid them on the table.

"That's an honest speech, my lad; but how am I to be sure that you will fulfill your engagement?" Mr. Cavendish returned. "Do you know that I could have sent you to the station house till the money is made up?"

"Oh don't send me there, sir; it would break my dear mother's heart. I will pay you all—indeed I will; & the poor boy burst into a flood of tears.

"I am glad you have so much consideration for your mother's feelings, and for her sake, I will trust to your honesty."

"Oh thank you, sir—thank you."

"But when do you expect to be able to make me another payment? This is a very small sum towards the price of a large square of plate glass, and as he spoke he glanced at the four half-pence which the boy had spread out.

"This day week, sir, if you please."

"Very well, let it be so. At this hour I shall be at home to see you." Poor Jack made his very best bow and retired.

True to his appointment, our high principled boy appeared at the door of Mr. Cavendish's mansion. As the footman had previously received orders to admit him he was immediately shown into the library.

"I have a shilling for you to-day, sir!" he said, exultingly and his countenance was radiant with smiles.

"Indeed! That is a large sum for a boy like you to obtain in so short a time. I hope you came by it honestly?"

A flush of crimson mounted to the cheek of poor Jack, but it was not the flush of shame.

"I earned every penny of it, excepting one my mother gave me to make it up," he energetically replied; and he proceeded to say that he had been on the look out for jobs all week; that he held the horse for one gentleman and had run on an errand for another; in this way accounting for eleven pence.

"Your industry and perseverance do you credit, my lad," Mr. Cavendish exclaimed; his benevolent countenance lighting up with a smile. "And now I should like to know your name and place of residence."

"I will write it all, if you please. Indeed I brought a piece of paper for the purpose of putting down the money. I hope I am all able to make it all up in a few days."

"Do you go to school?"

"I go to a free school."

"And do you go to school?"

"I go to a free school."

if you have any knowledge of arithmetic." Jack stood boldly up and unhesitatingly replied to the various questions which were put to him.

"That will do, my good boy. Now, when do you think you will be able to come and bring me more money?"

"I will come again this time next week, if I'm alive and well sir."

"That was wisely added, my lad; for our lives are not in our own keeping. This I see you have been taught."

Another week passed and again Jack appeared, but his countenance wore an aspect of sadness.

"I am very sorry, sir," he said, "I have been unfortunate and have only a small sum to give you." And as he spoke, he laid three-penny-worth of half-pence before Mr. Cavendish, "I assure you, sir," he earnestly added, "I have offered my services to every gentleman on horse-back that I could see."

"I believe you, my boy; I am pleased with your honest intentions. Let me see, you have now paid me one shilling and five pence; that is not amiss for the time; and with an encouraging smile Mr. Cavendish suffered him to depart.

Though Mr. Cavendish had, from the first, concealed his intentions, his heart was planning a work of benevolence which was nothing less than to befriend the poor boy whose noble conduct had won his admiration. For this end he in a few days subsequently paid the parents a visit when he knew that the son would be at school. He related the incident which had brought him under his notice, and proceeded to ask whether his conduct towards themselves was equally praiseworthy.

"Oh, yes, sir," exclaimed the mother, her eyes filled with tears. "He has ever been a dutiful child to us and always acts in this honest, straightforward manner."

"He has, indeed," a noble spirit, sir," the father rejoined. "I am as proud of him as if he were my own son."

"With him?" Mr. Cavendish asked, looking something in view for his future.

"Undoubtedly," he replied for his benefit.

"Well, then, purchase a new suit of apparel with these two pounds, and bring him to my residence this day week. I will acquaint you with my views for him for the future."

Language cannot describe the heartfelt gratitude which beamed in the eyes of the happy parents, nor could they find words to give it utterance.

When next our young hero came into the presence of his benefactor his appearance was certainly altered for the better, though no disadvantages of dress could rob his noble countenance of its lofty expression. Mr. Cavendish had previously made arrangements for him to become an inmate of his own house, and had also entered his name as a pupil in a neighboring school.

John Williams is now receiving a liberal education and enjoying all the advantages which wealth can procure. Such a sudden change of position and prospects would in many instances prove injurious to the moral character but with a mind based upon the solid principles which our young friend possesses, little fear may be entertained that such will be the result.

The above little sketch is authentic in every respect excepting the names of the parties concerned. The events occurred a few months ago, and are here made public with the hope that the truth and honesty and judicious benevolence exhibited, may stimulate others to 'go and do likewise.'

TRANSCENDENT ELOQUENCE.

If there is anything in modern oratory more truly eloquent, beautiful and impressive than the following extract from a late speech of that glorious young Irishman, T. P. Meagher, we should be happy to read it.

The pursuit of liberty must cease to be a traffic. Let it resume amongst us its ancient glory—let it be with us a passionate heroism. Fear no dissension. Dissension is good where truth is to be saved. Repeal does not triumph, I contend, where the Repeal principles of Conciliation Hall prevail. Repeal does not incur defeat where these principles are swamped by Whiggery or Conservatism. In the former case it is Whiggery, masked and muffled, that succeeds—in the latter, it is Whiggery masked and muffled, that is beaten. Disdaining, then, the calumnies of the public writer, and the invective of the public orator, however bitterly society may sneer, however coarsely a section of the multitude may curse, assert this righteous principle. Rescue the cause of Ireland from the profanation of those who beg, and the control of those who bribe. Ennobles the strife for liberty, and be it here as it has been in other countries, a gallant service—not a vulgar game. Conform to one precept of the English Parliament—depend upon your own resources. Demanding independence, be thoroughly independent. Be as independent of this Russell, this English Minister, as of Metternich, of Vienna, or Guizot, of Paris. Cherish in its full integrity this fine virtue, without which, there will be no true liberty amongst you, whatever be your institutions. Bereft of it, the heart of the nation will be cold, and cramped, and sordid. Bereft of it, the arts will have no enduring impulse, and commence no invigorating soul. Bereft of it, society degenerated, and the mean, the frivolous, and the vicious, triumph. The idler, the miser, the coward, may laugh at these sentiments; they may hiss them when they read them. The worms of the Castle, I know, would eat them from the hearts of the young, the generous, and the gifted. The old champions of faction—in whose withered souls has rotted out—may drive their poisoned pens, and ply their tainted tongues, in their coarse crusade against them. Then will come the dull philosopher of the age, to rebuke our folly, our want of sense, our indiscretion, and proclaim that patriotism, a

wild and glittering passion, has died out—that it could not coincide with civilization and free trade. It is false! The virtue that gave to Paganism its dazzling lustre—to barbarism its redeeming trait—to Christianity its heroic form—is not dead. It still lives to preserve, to console, to sanctify humanity. It has its altar in every clime, its worship and festivities. On the heathen hill of Scotland, the sword of Wallace is yet a bright tradition. The genius of France, brilliant and impetuous, in the literature of the day, pays its enthusiastic homage to the piety and heroism of the young Maid of Orleans. In her new Senate Hall, England bids her sculptor place among the effigies of her greatest sons the images of her Hampden and her Russell. In the gay and beautiful capital of Belgium, the daring hand of Gaels has reared a monument full of glorious meaning to the three hundred martyrs of the revolution. By the soft blue waters of Lake Lucerne stands the chapel of William Tell. On the anniversary of his revolt and victory, across these waters, as they glitter in the July sun, skim the light boats of the allied canoes. From the prows hang the banner of the republic, and as they near the shore and the daughters of Lucerne hymns of their old poetic forth the glad *Te Deum*, again the voice of the mountains whistles the white bleeding spruce, in dral, the defiles a gets through cathed amid t age a and the pe chain which his gird the chief land a sa join in t this island a good and the faith, the lism? You disc heroic men—do no Vindicate the nationa the national cause with stainless hands. You have selves to strive in this confon independence of your countr limits of the constitution. Keep constitution, but do not pervert of the state. Confront corruption it appears—scourge it from the hús scourge it from the public forum—flibribes of the minister back into the houses with which he has defaced the lan—there let the vermin that feed upon our countrymen bury their bribes in kindred putrefaction—and whilst proceeding with the noble task to which you have vowed your lives and fortunes, let this proud thought enrapture and invigorate your hearts, that in seeking the independence of your country you have preserved its virtue from the seductions of a powerful minister, and the infidelity of bad citizens. Mr. Meagher sat down amidst the most enthusiastic cheers, which lasted for several minutes.

DIVERSITY OF FEATURES.

It is a very evident proof of the adorable wisdom of God, that although the bodies of men are so conformed to each other essential parts, yet there is so great a difference in their external appearance that they may be easily and infallibly distinguished. Among so many millions of men there are no two perfectly alike. Each has something peculiar which distinguishes him from all others, either in face, voice or manner of speaking. The variety in face is the more astonishing, because the parts which compose the human face are few in number, and are disposed in every person according to the same plan. If all things had been produced by blind chance, the face of men must as nearly resemble each other as eggs laid by the same bird, balls cast in the same mould, or drops of water from the same bucket. But this is not the case; we must admire the infinite wisdom of the Creator, which, in diversifying the features of the face in so admirable a manner, has evidently the happiness of man in view. For, if they resembled each other perfectly, so that they could not be distinguished each from each, it would occasion an infinity of inconveniences, mistakes, and deception society. No man could ever be sure of life, nor of the peaceable possession of property. Thieves and cut-throats could not be known again by the face or the sound of their dultery, theft, and other crimes unpunished, because the guilty could never be discerned. Every woman exposed to the and envious men; and we could against an infinity of mistakes, misdemeanors. And what would there be in judiciary process, sales, transfers, bargains, and co. What confusion in commerce! What bribery in respect to witnesses! F. the uniformity and perfect similitude faces would deprive human society of a great part of its charms, and considerably diminish the pleasure which men find in conversing with each other.

Gen. Lee and Dr. Cutting. —Jon B. Cutting was a surgeon in the army of the Revolution, and coming to Philadelphia, lodged in the house where General Lee was then boarding. The Doctor was a personable man and not indifferent to dress. The Gen. suddenly entering the sitting-room, found the Doctor before the glass, carefully adjusting his cravat.

"Cutting," says Lee, "you must be the happiest man in creation."

The former turned round, with a smile of self-complacency—"And why, General?" says he.

"Why?" replied Lee, "because you are in love with yourself, and have not a rival on earth."

Truly this was a cutting remark.

DRAINING.—It is almost needless to observe, that the importance of draining is not properly appreciated by our farmers, or that few have practised it system.

A writer on this subject marks: "Our best land—cald and wet soils. I fed to soak in man until it cing little of poor g' deliné tion fric mor to th

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